uerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: by Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandſir, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhion mongers, theſe pardon mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they can not ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering, O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? now is he for the nũbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eie or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo Bon ieur*, theres a French ſalutation to your french ſlop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio.*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. Thats as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pincke of curteſie.

Romeo, pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. VVhy then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſole ſingular.

Ro. O

Ro. O ſingle ſolde ieaſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſinglene

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild gooſe chaſe, I am d For thou haſt more of the wild gooſe in one of thy wits, I am ſure I haue in my whole ſiue. VVas I with you there the gooſe?

Ro. Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when t waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieaſt.

Ro. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweting, it is a moſt ſharp ſa

Ro. And is it not well ſeru'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches fro ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added t gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, a broad gooſe.

Mer. VVhy is not this better now, then groning for l now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling lo like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the h

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indee occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heres goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her m* A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer

Nurſ. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.